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Breaths of change

By Frank Tuohy

NADINE GORDIMER:
A Soldier's Embrace
144pp. Cnpe. £4.95.
0 224 01778 0.

In "A Soldier's Embrace", the title story of Nadine Gordimer's new collection, the central character finds herself caught up between a black and a white soldier who are celebrating the ceasefire in a newly liberated colony.

Their three heads collided gently, musk of sweat and tang of strong sweet soup clapped a mask to her nose and mouth. They all gazed with a delicious shock. She put up an arm round each neck, the rough pile of an army haircut on one side, the soft negro hair on the other, and kissed them both on the cheek. The embrace broke.

The piercing reality of this encounter haunts the woman throughout the story. The scene must be Mozambique although, with the exception of South Africa, Nadine Gordimer does not name those African countries which are the setting of much of her later fiction. (Presumably new nations are easily offended, but I do not think Pough would mind being mentioned.) After the blissful dawn symbolized by the soldiers' embrace, things in the former colony rapidly go from bad to worse. The woman and her lawyer husband stick it out under black rule for as long as they can, before finally retreating to the "Union" where the husband joins a pros-

perous law firm, in which "he could be satisfied he would be able to uphold the liberal opinions he had always stood for".

The ironies that surround the liberal point of view in a multi-racial society have been a persistent theme in Nadine Gordimer's work. In *A Soldier's Embrace*, which is her sixth collection of short stories, Southern Africa remains the setting, with one exception. There are a number of reasons, however, for finding the mixture not quite the same as before.

In the introduction to her *Selected Stories*, Nadine Gordimer pointed out how far attitudes have changed since she began writing, and how those changes have been reflected in the language. Thus the "natives" of her early stories became "Black" and then later "African". In her view, this last term is singular in being the only one which has not been imposed from above but has been chosen by the black people themselves. (More probably, though she doesn't suggest this, it was copied from the United States.) On one level her writing can be seen as the most sensitive record we have of the various shifts in attitude—breaths, rather than winds, of change—as they have occurred in South Africa throughout the past forty or so years. The point of view is more limited than this suggests. Although she asserts that all writers, considered as writers, are androgynous, we see her world most clearly and movingly as it affects women, especially good-hearted young girls. Again, in spite of her formidable detachment, we are always aware that it is the point of view of an insider.

The most moving story here, "Town and Country Lovers", has the form of a diptych, with halves of two inter-racial affairs. The town lovers are a visiting Austrian scientist, of vaguely aristocratic background, and a coloured shop-girl. When the law catches up with them, she is subjected to the humiliations of an appalling medical examination. Meanwhile, her Austrian lover betrays her with a beautifully typical remark about life bei uns:

"A very early story, 'Is There Nowhere Else We Can Meet?', shows a girl as victim of a black attacker, who steals her money. Later, in 'The White Children', Jennifer Tzani, 'assistant director of a social rehabilitation scheme', flounders disastrously among a group of coloured activists until she finally blurs out 'It's hard to be punished for not being black'. This new collection, *A Soldier's Embrace*, records further shifts in attitude. In one of the best stories, 'Siblings', Maxine, a charming freaked out nineteen-year-old, is shown dancing with her black cleaning woman and embracing her aunt's cook, 'kissing those smooth, innocently ageless fat cheeks as if she had never learned what Lola, their older sister, children don't kiss their old Lola'. In another story, 'A Hunting Accident', a young Swedish potter is 'cradling a reluctant toddler with the holy family reverence Swedish girls display for black children'. In a safari-truck driven by her lover, the chief's younger son, she holds on to 'the hand, cold and tough as the feel of a tortoise's foot, of the old gun-bearer who had never before been touched by a white woman'.

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"Even in my country it's difficult for a person from a higher class to marry one from a lower class." This country half of the story tells of a flower farm boy's tragic love for a black girl he had played with as a child, and culminates in his acquittal for the murder of their baby. A hard-won humanism is characteristic of these stories of an inhuman society. But they are also very selective, which is what one wants to suggest by saying that they are the stories of an insider. The outsider, of course, is likely to see only caricatures: you remember those terrifying white ladies who used to get interviewed by TV reporters; you think of those rugged players, to whom race contempt is an aspect of visibility; or you recall mad conversations with strangers who audaciously reveal their obsessions.

But Nadine Gordimer has no time for such banalities. She works in a different field, almost resembling that of Frances Taver, the protagonist of "Open House", one of her most acutely ironic stories: "Frances Taver was on the secret circuit for people who wanted to find out the truth about South Africa." In Frances Taver's case the truth, "the real thing", means a meeting with black Africans. Unfortunately, under the tougher apartheid laws of the 1960s, Frances can only provide introductions to time-servers, phonies, black collaborators with the régime. To the visitor from Washington, however, it is all the same. "He knew; too, that he wouldn't be there long enough to find out that perhaps you had to live and die here to find out."

Sometimes there is the suspicion that the American visitor may have had a point. He expected something overt, readily condemned, and was faced with subtleties he could not assimilate. With the reader, there is the feeling that a particular society has been described with too much particularity: certainly some of Nadine Gordimer's early stories needed to be loaded down with evocative detail. To adapt Chekhov's dictum, there were usually several guns on the wall which were there purely for ornamentation, and never looked like going off before the end of the story.

As a result, the effect of the narrative was somewhat muted. After the scene had been meticulously set and a number of characters described and established in their setting, there would be a sudden heightening of language, until the story concluded with a little swirl of rhetoric, like the tail of a fish disappearing into deeper waters.

Such writing was impressive because it belonged to its time, to the 1950s and early 1960s, when novelists were concerned with people's general curiosity about life, and were supported in this by

critics like Lionel Trilling. A Soldier's Embrace reminds us of how far we have come since then. There is no longer the sense of being briefed by an expert. The growth of a self-regarding narcissistic attitude, the effect of the "Me" generation on much modern fiction, has left few traces on the life portrayed here: even Maxine, the girl full of concern for and involvement with other people. Nevertheless, the formalistic concern which are at present fashionable may have left their mark on the technique. There is rather a lot of what the French call, in a derogatory tone, "littérature"; perhaps the Anglo-Saxon equivalent is "creative writing".

When the physical world is evoked, it is presented with more economy than was previously the case as when the two soldiers embrace the lawyer's wife, or in "A Hunting Accident", where a heap of dead wildebeest is seen as a "party cloakroom pile of pelts and blood". Four or five of the stories here are as finely achieved as anything Nadine Gordimer has done.

There seems to be a rule that the shorter a piece of prose, the more precise and accurate the writing should be. It is hard to find that this is the case here with the brief experimental pieces, "A Lie on the Freeway" and "For Dear Life". Both are written in the sort of semi-poetic paragraph which seems better in French than in English. "For Dear Life", which takes place in France, brings in a subject which has turned up rather frequently lately, the reactions and comments of a child still in the womb: "Swaying along in the howdah of her belly I make pronouncement on steep streets. Another story, 'The Termination', takes the form of an extended simile, and not a very adventurous one, which compares the mother of a family to the queen ant which some workmen unearth from the foundations of the home.

It seems likely that writers force themselves to develop, less because of a desire to alter the range of their subject matter, than because of boredom with the technique which have gone to the making of their previous work. Since Nadine Gordimer published her early stories, there have been many changes going on: there have been Borges, and Nabokov, even the expression "A New Yorker story" means something rather different from what it used to. Perhaps, there is something rather discouraging in experiment, for experiment's sake. In the end one must register a strong preference for the direct, almost bald, narrative of a story like "Town and Country Lovers", not only because it gives straight to the relevant emotions, but also from the suspicion that it is so much harder to bring off successfully.

Lear and Cordelia Approach the Rivers of Hades

Why should she not creep under my cloak
Out of the storm? Her husband
Is beyond the seas and there
The days are blue all the blossom
Strong on the stalk.

Here are hail and thunder
The horizon grumbles the beasts creep under the hedge.
Do you also creep under my cloak.
We will live with the shepherds and with the foxes
And eat our bread under the hawthorn.
And tell strange tales and familiar
Until the sun is back.

O lady Fortune
Vouchsafe a death under the hedge
Within one cloak, out of the strident sun!

I
Am wounded to death. Let her not die
Let her rather be my companion
As far as that river.

Then she may go back
Spurred from oblivion but in her mouth
The sleepy taste of that river.

J. M. Cameron

WITOLD GOMBROWICZ:

Passessed
Translated by J. A. Underwood.
221pp. Marion Boyars. £6.95.
0 7145 2684 3

Although Witold Gombrowicz's major works have been available in English translation for some years they have yet to secure in this country the reputation they have long enjoyed on the continent, and especially in France: they have yet to become part of our intellectual furniture. The publication of *Passessed* provides an appropriate occasion for a review of an odd career and an intriguing oeuvre.

The elusiveness of Gombrowicz's work is indeed partly traceable to the facts of his biography. His life was divided between three countries, and much of his work won only belated recognition even in his native Poland. He was born in Warsaw in 1894. He studied law, but had a keen interest in philosophy. His recent publications included the play *Princess Ivona* and the novel *Ferdynand*. The latter work seems to have roused considerable interest and controversy in Poland, but not outside it. It happened that at the time of the German invasion in 1939, Gombrowicz was on a trip to Argentina. Understandably he chose to remain there—and in fact did not return to Europe for more than twenty years. For much of this time he seems to have been virtually a forgotten figure. A Spanish translation of *Ferdynand* was published in Buenos Aires in 1947, but made little impact internationally. A play, *The Marriage*, written a year previously, was not to receive its first production until 1963 in Paris.

In the immediate post-war period, Gombrowicz's work still attracted attention in Polish émigré circles in France, but essentially his "rediscovery" began in Poland itself in the brief "thaw" that followed the rebellion of 1956. *Ferdynand* was published again in Warsaw, after an interval of twenty years, with judicious and dramatic success, and was followed by *Princess Ivona* and *The Marriage*. *Princess Ivona* was produced in Warsaw, to great applause. But in 1958, for reasons not difficult to guess at, Gombrowicz's work attracted the disapproval of the authorities and could no longer be published or produced in Poland. At that very time, however, *Ferdynand* was published in France, where it was swiftly recognized as an important work. Over the next few years a number of notable Western European productions of the plays established Gombrowicz as a major dramatist. Two further novels appeared, *Por-*

nograpia in 1960, and *Cosmos* in 1965. Gombrowicz came back to Europe in 1967, eventually to settle in the South of France. He died in 1969.

Britain has tended to experience Gombrowicz's works somehow at third hand: they have come to us via France. (J. A. Underwood's version of *Passessed* is explicitly based on a French translation published three years ago.) His plays have not made the same impact in London as in most European capitals. There must be some danger that Gombrowicz will be permanently relegated to that considerable category of continental writers who are praised in England dutifully, but somehow dismissively, as being clever and complex but—the subtext hints—not quite our cup of tea.

There is at least one good reason for wariness in this particular case. Polish admirers of Gombrowicz confirm what the English texts of his work—admirable though these have been in themselves—repeatedly suggest: that his prose is particularly recalcitrant to translation. He modulates into pastiche, slang, dialect, and the like, and these have not doubt that he is a writer with a fastidious concern for stylistic flavouring; and in translation that flavouring will almost certainly be altered, diluted or altogether lost.

If distortions of this kind seem eventually to matter a good deal less than the reading of a single translation would suggest, it is because Gombrowicz's ideas, as displayed throughout his literary career, have a consistency and coherence that easily survive the stylistic diminution. There is a natural critical tendency to separate the plays from the novels. Gombrowicz the dramatist is readily assimilated into the Theatre of the Absurd: there are obvious comparisons with Beckett and Ionesco, even though his theatrical experiments antedated theirs by many years. The novels, on the other hand, resemble the work of Sartre in certain significant ways. It is tempting to make a facile distinction between philosophical fiction and surrealist drama. But to read the plays and the novels side by side is to become aware how steadily and ingeniously Gombrowicz explores the same few fundamental problems.

His general concern is with the delusiveness of individual identity, as conventionally defined. He claims in *Ferdynand*:
... a human being does not externalise himself directly and immediately in conformity with his own nature: he invariably does so by way of some definite form; and that form, style, way of speaking and responding, do not derive solely from him, but are imposed on him from without—and the same man can express himself

Gothic remains

By Michael Irwin

Leaven his deeper meanings with self-mockery and nonsensicality. He is often very funny and never solemn.

All this should be a preliminary to a claim that *Passessed*, though admittedly a minor work, reflects the author's characteristic concerns and sheds an interesting light on this or that aspect of his thought. Unfortunately such a claim cannot be made. Certainly *Passessed* is a published pseudonymously as a newspaper serial in the summer of 1939. Gombrowicz apparently did not acknowledge authorship until shortly before his death. The reticence is understandable: it seems possible that he wrote the work largely to make a fast study. Merely as "a Gothic novel", however, *Passessed* has a lot to be said for it. The story begins with Walchak, a young tennis coach, arriving at a remote country house where he is to give tuition to Miss Muya. He is quickly struck by a strange affinity established between them—an affinity that seems to exaggerate the worst impulses of both. Eventually they sense a connection between this unhealthy relationship and the haunted room in the enormous castle nearby, where a crazed old prince lives in terror-stricken seclusion, oppressed by some guilty secret. And so forth. At first the narrative is deftly and imaginatively developed: the book offers fast, suspenseful reading. Gombrowicz refines the traditional nonsense of the genre: "What, meanwhile, had been happening at the castle—that age-old giant of brick and stone whose swamp-skirted tower loomed formidably in the gathering dusk, and within whose proud and massive walls, guardians of bygone poems and the traces of a vanished splendour, passion, fear, and madness held sway?" About the halfway point, however, the story-telling becomes wayward and jerky. Several of the main characters depart to

Warsaw for a vaguely-defined period of time. Even an entertaining murder cannot compensate for the disappearance of the claustrophobic confinement that any Gothic tale needs if it is to achieve true rotteness.

The story recovers much of its energy in the later chapters where the action centres once more on the country house and the castle with its haunted room. In fact the narrative is moving quite powerfully towards a juicy conclusion which will make sense of all that has gone before—when it stops. It seems necessary for a reviewer to stress a point that is made neither on the cover of this volume nor in the introductory note: this is an incomplete work. The incompleteness could presumably have been an authorial jest. Alternatively it may have had something to do with the fact that the final instalment of the serial version apparently came out on August 30, 1939. In either case the publishers say nothing about the matter—an omission that may irritate those members of the public who purchase what they reasonably assume to be a complete narrative.

J. A. Underwood's English version reads well—well enough to make the inconclusiveness of the story that much more disappointing. But it is impossible to see *Passessed* as a "serious" work. One or two themes, one or two formulations—"She tried to stir her heart into feeling the emotion she was exhibiting"—are characteristic of the author's work, but only in a trivial way. Granted his preoccupations, the idea of "possession" of the usurpation of personality, is one that he might well have turned to account. Certainly he would have been unlikely to see the frivolousness of the genre as inimical to serious comment of some kind. The inference must be that *Passessed* was no more than a light-hearted, perhaps a more than a half-hearted, technical exercise.

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Graveyard Graffiti

On an August morning like this they first stopped here,
She being pregnant, to rest and enjoy the sun.
Blind as ever to his back teeth, she
Turned to the stone and chalked it in orange:
'Mary loves John. For ever. 1967.'
She thought herself quite in heaven.
She thought herself exactly in heaven.

And that December, as we all passed by to the reception,
Thirsting for draught Bass and cases of plonk,
You'd have thought she'd dropped it to hear her shrieking
'Ooh, John, look! It's still there! I hope
They don't mind down below.
Do you think they would? No!
Do you think they would, Sandra? No!'

Now, watching them lower him in the old fashioned way
And she, wept through with remorse, standing by,
My eye catches the chalked stone not twelve feet off.
Does she see it still? She does not.
Very well. I'll come then, later,
With my blubber of hopes and soapy water;
With my once stifled hopes, and soapy water.

John Rhyland Hobbs

to the editor

'Critical Understanding'

Sir,—I am puzzled about how a fine critic like Jonathan Culler arrived at his serious misunderstanding of my *Critical Understanding* (December 21, 1979), but I am not puzzled about why he doesn't like what he describes.

Culler says that I attack all "criticism that doesn't make entering [the author's] mind its goal" and that I repudiate what I call "understanding" and "improper questions". The book in fact defends critical "improprieties", not only in the chapter praising Kenneth Burke for his wonderfully free-wheeling ways but more explicitly in the chapter called, with no irony whatever, "In Defense of the Reader and of Allen Modes". The book is not a polemic. "Critical understanding" is never the only proper goal of the critical path. The effort to understand will never foreclose the seemingly limitless paths of over-reading. Neither the nature of art works nor our own legitimate interests warrant us to reject whatever improper questions promise to lead us to new territory (page 335). "In short, we seem to have found a way of pursuing critical vitality by honoring the diversity of both understanding and over-reading. An absurd impoverishment will result from exclusive emphasis on either" (page 339).

That in this and other respects Culler should simply bypass my arguments is not only puzzling but distressing. He has always admired his work and would much like to have his opinion of the book I wrote.

WAYNE C. BOOTH.
The College, The University of Chicago, 1116 East 59th Street, Chicago, Illinois 60637.

'The Stained Glass of Oxfordshire'

Sir,—In commenting on your review of Peter Newton's *The Stained Glass of Oxfordshire*, John Caswell (April 4) makes the point that if learned societies want to remain in business as publishers they must set prices for their publications which reflect the costs of production and distribution, even if this means higher prices and fewer colour illustrations than they would like.

While everyone would like to see the liberal use of high quality colour plates where they are relevant, over-reading production costs are likely to ensure that this will seldom be possible in the future in print runs, even substantial subsidies are available.

One solution which learned societies and other academic publishers should now be considering is the use of colour microfiche supplements as a means of illustrating such works. Technical advances in recent years mean that excellent resolution and colour reproduction are now possible. A single fiche can hold sixty colour illustrations, or even eighty-four using another internationally accepted format, and can be placed at a fraction of the cost of printing the illustrations on paper.

An additional attraction for publishers is that microfiches can be manufactured in small quantities of twenty-five to fifty without any appreciable increase in unit cost. There is no need therefore to make microfiches for the entire print run of the book prior to publication, and hence the initial investment is reduced.

Naturally the user of such a supplement will need access to a microfiche viewer; and there is still much user resistance to reproduction of the printed page with the screen. However, this is tending to lessen as more and more institutions acquire viewing equipment and the use of microfiches becomes a generally accepted feature of research work.

It may be argued that, although institutions frequently possess viewers, private purchasers will be inhibited by the presence of a micro-

fiche element. But how many private purchasers will be able to afford *The Stained Glass of Oxfordshire* at £70? When faced with prices as unavavoidably high as this, many such purchasers may feel that a once and for all investment of the same sum in a viewer will bring both advantages and savings in the long run if publishers begin to use microfiche supplements more frequently.

TONY SLOGGETT.
Oxford Microform Publications Ltd., 19a Paradise Street, Oxford OX1 1LD.

Kenneth Allott

Sir,—You may well feel that readers have had enough of the Allott controversy (Letters, April 11), but I hope there is room for a further comment, not on Allott's poems but on Donald Davie's extraordinary method of argument.

Here is what happens. First, Professor Davie suggests reasons for Allott's ceasing to write poetry that must seem strange to anybody who has read the poems or Allott's other writings. Second, the errors in his reasoning are pointed out by two people who support what they are saying by personal knowledge of Allott. Third, Professor Davie cries "Foul". What a dirty trick to start quoting private letters and remembering things, why not write a memoir which he could have used?

But fourth, Davie evades with Keegan's skill these attempts to go over the top at him, and reveals that all this personal stuff doesn't really matter. What Grigson quotes, Symonds remembers, even what Allott himself wrote—no need to pay attention to any of that. The golden rule is in the texts, and only Donald Davie is it.

This is a kind of argument in which he can't lose. Read the texts differently from Davie, and it shows you're wrong. Produce some factual backing for a non-Davie reading, and he brushes it away as irrelevant. Offer a comment by Allott himself that goes counter to Davie, and he knows better than the poet, Donald, "proud to be academic".

Donald, doesn't this seem a mite imperceptive and arrogant? JULIAN SYMONS.
Groton House, 330 Dover Road, Wulmer, Deal, Kent.

Sir,—Professor Davie must learn to read what he writes. He now says (Letters, April 11) he is "concerned with what Kenneth Allott manifested did". In the piece of his piece I mildly protested against, he was concerned with what Kenneth Allott manifested did not, as his earlier one— and to explain this he advanced highly plausible guesses for which he had no evidence. It is always tempting to guess, but guesses, even if rather silly ones, are better made when the subject has been dead, let's say, for a hundred years or a thousand years, or as long as Homer or Sappho, when to one who knew, can answer back.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON.
Broad Town Farmhouse, Broad Town, Swindon, Wiltshire.

'The Strange Museum'

Sir,—Probably nothing is more maddening for a good poet than to be told by a critic that he is not as good as he has been. Thus John Bayley, in his review of *The Strange Museum* (April 4), I would have thought that rather depended on who the critic was. Paulin, Bayley tells us, "must develop". The *General Motors* Theory of Poetry, I believe. (Next year's model must be different.) But can one really take such criticism seriously, especially when it is made in the course of a review which includes a statement that "Years wrote a remarkably delightful and silly poem about the Second Coming, which he did not believe for a poem"? Years, you see, was not really serious about history. He might

have thought he was, of course, but the critic Bayley knows better. How apposite that in the same issue of the TLS Blake Morrison should quote D. J. Enright's lines: "Good lord, if a poet really meant what he said, we should all be out of a job".

JOHN LUCAS.
19 Devonshire Avenue, Beeston, Nottingham.

The Mystery of the Brontë MSS

Sir,—I wonder if any of your readers can throw light on the sale of important Brontë MSS at Christie's, New York, on March 25, as reported in *The Times* of March 27, for a total of £82,895, by an anonymous owner, and bought in part by the Brontë Parsonage Museum, Haworth, with the help of the Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

The New York catalogue, announcing this sale, reported that the MSS had disappeared since 1904, date of their purchase from Charlotte Brontë's widow, Arthur Bell-Nicholls, for the sum of £600, by Clement Shorter, acting as agent for the notorious T. J. Wise.

The matter is of peculiar interest to scholars working in the field of Brontë studies, and the question naturally arises, where has this cache of MSS lain hid for almost three quarters of a century? Their provenance, the sale catalogue reports, "is veiled in mystery".

How greatly scholars would have been helped in their work and how much more useful their work would be to students, had the originals of these letters been available for study. In their default, scholars have only had recourse to the very imperfect and inexact transcripts of them published by Shorter and T. J. Wise and J. A. Symington in the thirty years following Bell-Nicholls's death.

The fact that the value of these MSS, as the sales figures prove, has dramatically risen since their 1904 price is, understandably, motive enough for their present sale; but might not Brontë scholars also justifiably feel that the great increase in interest and knowledge of the Brontës is in some measure due to their labours?

WINIFRED GERIN.
2 Marlborough Court, Pembroke Road, London W8 6DE.

Professionalism in Sport

Sir,—There are some errors and misconceptions in Allen Wharm's review of Randy Roberts' *Jack Dempsey: The Manassa Mauler* (March 28), which betray his unfamiliarity with the American sporting scene. Of the six individuals on his list as having made professional sports socially respectable and commercially rewarding in the 1920s, only two, Dempsey and Ruth, belong there. Two, Bobby Jones and Helen Wills Moody, never turned professional at all. Bill Tilden did, but his days of glory and reputation came as an amateur. Tennis, in fact, was successfully "professionalized" so to speak, only in the 1960s, when the great tournaments at Wimbledon and elsewhere were opened to professional players, when the sport turned professional and into semi-obscure, to be succeeded in public eye by players like Fred Perry and Donald Budge, who became equally semi-obscure when they in their turn became professional players. His reputation as a football star during the 1920s and most of the 1930s, gained after his second World War did it come to rival the college game in popularity.

And, by the way, the boxer known as "Gentleman Jim" was Corbett, not Jeffries. MAURICE LEE.
History Department, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, NJ 08903.

Among this week's contributors

ROBERT M. ADAMS's recent books include *The Roman Stamp: France and Façade in some forms of Neoclassicism*, 1975, and *Bad Mouth: Fugitive Papers on the Dark Side*, 1978.

NBRL ANNAN is Vice-Chancellor of the University of London.

JOHN BAINES is Professor of Egyptology at the University of Oxford.

ALAN BELL is working on the life and letters of Sydney Smith.

PHILIP BRADY is lecturer in German at Birkbeck College, London.

A. S. BYATT's most recent novel is *The Virgin in the Garden*, 1979.

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL's most recent book is *The Two Duchesses*, 1978.

J. M. CAMPBELL's books include *The Night Battle*, 1962, and *Images of Authority: A Consideration of the Concepts of Regnum and Sacerdotium*, 1966.

STEPHEN CLARK's books include *Aristotle's Man*, 1975, and *The Moral Status of Animals*, 1977.

VALENTINE CUNNINGHAM is the author of *Everywhere Spoken Against*, 1975.

DON CUPITT's recent books include *The World of Science and Religion*, 1976, and *The Nature of Man*, 1979.

C. S. L. DAVIES is a Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, and author of *Peace, Freedom and Protest: 1450-1558*, 1977.

PETER FAVCETT is lecturer in French at the University of Leicester.

PETER FRANCE's books include *Rhetoric and Truth in France*, 1972.

VICTORIA GLENDINNING is the author of *Elizabeth Bowen: Portrait of a Writer*, 1977.

PETER HEBBLETHWAITE is the author of *The Runaway Church*, 1975.

GEOFFREY HUNTER is Professor of Philosophy at University College of North Wales at Bangor. He is the author of *Metaphysics*, 1971.

MICHAEL IRWIN is Professor of English Literature at the University of Kent.

PETER KEATING is the author of *The Working Classes in Victorian Fiction*, 1971, and editor of *Into Uncertain Britain*, 1977.

J. D. P. KEGAN's books include *The Face of Battle*, 1976; he is the editor of *World Armies*, which was reviewed in the TLS earlier this year.

ERIC KORN is a book dealer in London.

HARMONIE LEE is the author of *The Novels of Virginia Woolf*, 1977.

PETER LEWIS is lecturer in English at the University of Durham.

JOHN HOWLAND SPYKER: *Little Lives* 215pp. Blandford Press. £5.50. 0 418 15164 2

Washington County in New York State is more than 200 miles north of, and light-years away from, what the narrator of *Little Lives* persists in calling New York, New York. The area, says John Howland Spyker, a long-time resident of the county who, according to the book jacket, has published novels and poetry under another name—is "the birthplace of nobody lasting or famous beyond its borders, a place, in fact, apart from Grandma Moses. But the 'little lives' described by Spyker, in a series of witty and wicked vignettes, evoke not so much the prim paintings of Grandma Moses as, even at times, of Hieronymus Bosch.

Little Lives begins almost as a piece of historical research, with the description of some of the folk of Washington County in the mid-1800s, based on such classic sources as official documents, financial accounts, tombstone epitaphs. The thumbnail sketch of Mrs. Freelove Harrison is one-part textbook history, one-part folklore, and one-part sheer speculation; "hard to name among the Hards and Van Der Warkers", Spyker writes, "fully in the manner of the records as a great event" the installation of the first telephone in the county—and wonders whom the owner could have rung. In a nearby town, he curiously records, "a la mode" was invented. And there is the county's first divorce, pronounced in 1860 by a wise preacher who, perhaps inspired by Lot's wife, ordered the unhappy pair to walk in opposite directions and never to come back.

At the narrative moves into the 1900s and more lives are known to Spyker, either first-hand or through hearsay, gossip, and rumour begin to dispel any similarity to a local history. "These are the sorts of stories that might be traded and embellished, upon by the sharp-tongued, eagle-eyed, busy-bodies of a small town—about two stand-

wood with the resignation of a ghost assigned to a haunted house. I knew what you were supposed to think about it but I was utterly unimpressed.

3 But there, more steadfast than stars are, loved for their being, Not for their burning, were the great Characters: thin Donald Meek, the dark-flying essence, ever so Proud; the pair of blundering Capitalists, Walter Comely and Eugene, seated. High in their offices above New York; the evil Blackening, and the awful Stare of Eduardo Cienfuegos.

Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this page on Friday, May 16. A prize of £10 is offered for the first correct set of answers to be opened, or failing that, the most nearly correct—in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration.

Entries should be addressed to The Editor, The Times Literary Supplement, PO Box 9, New Printing House Square, Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8EH, and marked "Author, Author" on the envelope. The solution and result will appear in our issue of May 23.

Competition No 20

1 The witch that came (the withered hag) To wash the steps with pallid foam, Was once the beauty Abigail. The picture pride of Hollywood. Too many fall from great and good. For you to doubt the likelihood.

2 I was going to write my memoirs once, *The Producer's Daughter*, but at eighteen you thing like that's just as well. It would have been just as an old column of *Little Lives* and father was in the picture business as another man might be in cotton or steel, and I took it tranquilly. At the work I accepted Holly.

3 There is another man who me that's angry with me—Sir, Thomas Browne. *Religio Medici*.

The angry Buzz of a Multi-tude is one of the bloodiest Nuisances in the World. —Marquess of Political Thoughts and Reflections.

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.—Dylan Thomas "Do not go gentle into that good night"

Result of Competition No 16 Winner: Francis Wyndham, 19 Lonsdale Rd, London W11. Answers:

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Orphan of the Sydney suburbs

By Randolph Stow

CLIVE JAMES: *Unreliable Memoirs* 171pp. Cape. £5.50. 0 224 01825 6

For anyone setting out to write a memoir of his or her childhood and adolescence it is a great advantage to have been born a Sitwell or a Mitford. The autobiographer from suburbia—suburbia anywhere—not only has to overcome a popular prejudice in favour of ancient man-of-letters ancestors and aristocratic panache, he also has a technical problem to cope with. In the life of suburban man or boy, there are an awful lot of people.

Once this is known, the rest of the book is snowed under. Young James, who seems to have been an affectionate child, was definitely a pack-animal. Through most of the years he describes, he seems to have been trying to extend his family of his own, by adding to the family of his own. A chapter on his school life in the West-End, and for a surprising number of years in the Kogarah Presbyterian Church Fellowship. For a time he was an honorary member of a family of three boys, with the eldest of whom he had an end-of-the-world physical affair. A chapter on his school life in the West-End, and for a surprising number of years in the Kogarah Presbyterian Church Fellowship. For a time he was an honorary member of a family of three boys, with the eldest of whom he had an end-of-the-world physical affair. A chapter on his school life in the West-End, and for a surprising number of years in the Kogarah Presbyterian Church Fellowship. For a time he was an honorary member of a family of three boys, with the eldest of whom he had an end-of-the-world physical affair.

Clive James, born in a Sydney suburb in 1939, has done little to make this account of his first twenty years more orderly than the truth. His book has the untidiness of real life. Schoolfellows, teachers, neighbours, relations, fellow undergraduates and temporary employers float by on the stream of memory.

Thought Mr James calls it "a disordered novel" and describes each chapter as a memorably and economically as he can contrive, every body else remains peripheral. This seems honest. He is more concerned with accurate recollection than with the necessary fiction of autobiography.

Throughout the book he often accuses his younger self of self-absorption or solipsism, and offers his solipsism as an explanation. In fact, he gives the impression of having been far from self-absorbed but driven by insecurity and a glorious nature into unhappy self-consciousness. The young James had such an urge to belong, to almost any group, that he even quire enjoyed National Service. The forty-

year-old James still envies people with families.

His parents' story is a sad one and it must have been in a sudden burst of feeling, elsewhere carefully suppressed, that he transcribed his epigraph from Auden's poem: "The Day after Tomorrow". His father, a young mechanic in civilian life, arrived in Malaysia just in time for the fall of Singapore. He survived imprisonment in Changi and Japan, and after the surrender was repatriated in an American plane. In the Philippines it crashed, killing all aboard.

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Earliest Egypt

By John Baines

MICHAEL A. HOFFMAN:
Egypt before the Pharaohs
392pp. Routledge & Kegan Paul
£9.95.
0 7100 0495 8

Both the author and the publisher have shown considerable audacity in producing a large-scale survey of prehistoric Egypt, and it is a pleasure to welcome the resulting book as a considerable advance on what was available before. Inevitably, it does not cover with equal expertise all its wide range of topics; the best parts are those that build on the best and most sophisticated fieldwork. Michael A. Hoffman presents a mosaic rather than a systematic account, and in following the development of knowledge often treats subjects out of their own chronological order.

In order, one suspects, to make his material more palatable. Dr Hoffman organizes his work in part around the "interpersonal, historical and sociological circumstances surrounding... key discoveries", which often means that we are given a relatively innocuous version of typical archaeological gossip. He also reviews developments of mankind, such as early man in East Africa, or of the study of prehistory, and in following the development of knowledge often treats subjects out of their own chronological order.

Another piece of special pleading is the somewhat misleading insistence that prehistory must be understood in order to understand history. But fluctuations in climate and conditions have been sufficiently marked for it to be dangerous to compare the historical period with very remote ones. Moreover, one of the most striking features of mature dynastic Egypt is that little of what is distinctive in its culture can be traced back to the preceding neolithic period, let alone any further. This over-emphasis on origins is inappropriate in a work that aims at a more rigorous method.

Within its stated theme the book balances longer sections on paleo-

lithic and early dynastic Egypt with rather shorter ones on predynastic upper Egypt, predynastic lower Egypt and the "desert tradition" (Owens, the Western Desert and lower Nubia).

In the past fifteen years knowledge of paleolithic Egypt has been transformed, largely through work headed by Fred Wendorf. Lower Nubia and the Western Desert have provided much more of the new evidence than the desert margins within Egypt. There has been a general revision of periods and phases, and a vast improvement in the evaluation of environmental and faunal data. As the author himself stresses, the gathering element in hunter-gatherer societies is seldom allowed for enough; the large animals for which there is plentiful evidence were probably only occasional items in the diet.

The most striking recent discoveries are in the very area, where indications of cereal use have been found as far back as about 13,000 ac. Freshwater agriculture by some 5,000 years. It is uncertain, however, whether there was domestication of the cereal plants. So far as is told from the sites, the change was not accompanied by an increase in the size of social unit, estimated to be around twenty, so that an essential element of the "neolithic revolution" was lacking. The latest paleolithic sites again provide no evidence of cereals.

A most unusual find that is discussed at length is the late paleolithic Qadan cemetery at Gebel Sahaba. Of its more than fifty burials, twenty four, evenly distributed between the sexes, showed traces suggestive of violent death. Hoffman wishes to relate this to the general level of violence in the society, but, allowing for the possible disappearance of traces of violence, more than half of these people may have been killed. This is surely more likely to be the result of a massacre or some special circumstance than to reflect a normal mode of death.

The presentation of neolithic or pre-dynastic Egypt is an exercise in taking stock. Although there has recently been a renewal of fieldwork, including Hoffman's own, most of the works he cites are more than fifty years old, and the excavating methods they report

often went much further back. He can, however, offer valuable hypotheses on the social structure implied by the finds—which are largely of cemeteries. At times the suggestions are too confident, as with the characterization of the occupants of a site near Cairo as the "merchants of Maadi", but many go far beyond their predecessors and should stimulate further discussion. In this part the contribution of radiocarbon dating is important, providing confirmation, if it was needed, that the delta was settled roughly as early as the Nile valley. Here one could go further and allow for a central delta component in pre-dynastic culture that is not so far attested by any finds, given the nature of the sites, this is not surprising.

The last part of the book, on the first two Egyptian dynasties, is the least successful. The book's structure leaves no logical place for extended discussion of the crucial "transition" of environmental and faunal data. The process is associated with the legendary king Menes, whose role is more likely to be a projection back from later periods than a reality of the time. Similarly, the monuments of the late pre-dynastic kings, the papyrus and maceheads—are assumed to record actual events in the formation of the Egyptian state. Werner Kaiser's studies have, however, shown that they probably date a century or so after the cultural unification of the country, and their individual dislikes. When A falls ill, they cluster round to help him, exchanging notes on his state of mind, passing an encouraging report on his progress or expressing concern at his deterioration. The sense of solidarity which has brought them to his help leads them to explore the causes of his breakdown. They bring their private obsessions to bear on his problem and, while gradually lifting their friend from his crisis of identity, find themselves engulfed by the void he has escaped. In the absence of any linking hands that they can withstand its destructive pressure.

These are minor points in a work that focuses chiefly on prehistory. More serious defects are the inadequacy of the maps and of some illustrations, and the vagueness of the bibliography, which includes one non-existent book. In many respects, however, and particularly in its use of the analytical techniques of the new archaeology, and of ethnographic parallels, *Egypt before the Pharaohs* is ahead of much Egyptology.

From the palace workshops

By Peter Warren

KAREN POLINGER FOSTER:
Aegean Palace of the Bronze Age
205pp. Yale University Press. £15.75.
0 300 02316 2

The workshops of the Bronze Age palaces and towns of Crete, c.1900-1400BC, produced masterpieces of art and technology as remarkable for their combinations of materials and colours as for their range of forms. Several classes of objects have received detailed study in recent years, notably from American scholars such as Davis on prehistoric metal vessels, Geisell on snake-tubes and other cult apparatus and Long on the painted limestone sarcophagi from Agia Triadha. These excellent studies are now joined by Karen Polinger Foster's, a comprehensive and first monograph on Aegean palace products.

Pottery is of fired clayware, of powdered silicates and a sodium-carbonate binding agent. Decoration was achieved in several ways: by applying to the fired core a coating consisting of a solution of the same materials plus copper, oxides or carbonates or other minerals; by painting designs on to a fired core or by filling incised areas with colour, and then refiring. This complex technology was developed first in northern Mesopotamia before 4000 BC and is found in use throughout the Near East, from Egypt to India. In the fourth, third and second millennia, the complicated Near Eastern textual evidence and the archaeological distribution are set out in detail to form the first part of the book.

The earliest Aegean palace consists of a house, from the third millennium round to the south-east, with a large central hall, and a few smaller rooms. The earliest Aegean palace is argued to be Minoan, products

of which are the most famous. Foster argues that the Early Minoan derived knowledge of the technology from north Syria rather than Egypt. This is possible, although her reasons are open to objections. Minoan metallurgy appears to have derived ideas from Syria only at the end of the third millennium and granulation is more likely to have come from the rich workshops of Troy or Lemnos, not Syria; the dynamic, innovative character of north Syrian and Mesopotamian faience does not appear vital for the earliest Cretan work, which is mostly of beads. Moreover the natural sailing route from Crete with the summer *meltemi* would first take ships south to Egypt, from where the pre-palatial Cretans certainly derived designs, vessels, seal shapes and patterns. However, Levantine and Egyptian materials could have been picked up on return voyages through coastal entrepôts like Byblos.

The core of the book is a detailed presentation of Aegean, mostly Cretan, faience objects of the second millennium. The material is a continuous text rather than a formal catalogue, with many line drawings and photographs. The work is most thorough, though a little of the famous pieces deserved fuller bibliographical references. In the footnotes there are simply to Evans's *editio princeps*, *The Palace of Minos at Knossos*.

Foster has studied most of the material in museum-cases, although it is not quite clear whether she handled all of it. The Minoan products come mostly from Knossos, with some fine vases from Zakros, and range from little jars to model shells, flowers, robes and statuettes, of which the three handling snakes are among the finest works of Minoan art.

Objects of faience from the Greek mainland and islands are far fewer than from Crete. Several (the reviewer would think more) from the shaft graves of Mycenaean are argued to be Minoan products.

Although an independent Mycenaean industry certainly flourished at Mycenaean in the palace period of the fourteenth to thirteenth centuries, but the group of bowls from the House of the Shields has decoration by which technique is not stated; with helmeted figures, raised right arm which does not look Mycenaean and recalls the Near Eastern smiling god, and the figure on the falcon rhyton from Kition, although the figures at Mycenaean do not hold any weapon or implement. The workshop at Mycenaean may have supplied a few pieces found in tombs elsewhere in the Argolid, but the bits at Pylos and the mould at Thebes suggest local manufacture. Here many materials, including glass, paste, gold and semi-precious stones. Thus it was earlier in the workshop of the Minoan palace of Zakros.

Many second millennium sites in Europe, from Britain to Siberia, have yielded faience beads. "Trace element" analyses suggest that at least some were locally made, though Foster argues that the technology must have derived from the Aegean or Near East. The exchange pattern may well have been complex, with common British types appearing at Arbon-Bleiche in Switzerland. A reciprocal trade in Aegean faience and Baltic and Roman amber beads has often been argued, and though the author concludes that the distribution evidence in Europe does not support it, she rightly argues that Ljanič, standing as a stepping-stone with both materials present.

Thorough studies such as this, when taken with equivalent ones among the Linear B tablets, deepen our understanding of the beautiful creations and the technical skill of artists and workshops, integrated within the carefully regulated palatial civilization.

Threatening silences

By Robin Buss

PASCAL QUIGNARD:
Curus
357pp. Paris: Gallimard.

Pascal Quignard's novel is orchestrated around the themes of language, music, friendship and time, its playful variations and insistent exchanges nullifying the silences they fill. Perhaps the most pervasive and disturbing of these silences is provided by the narrator, the one character in the story who never effectively appears, signalling his presence only by his record of the interpretations others give to the events he describes. This feature, less "I", we may infer, is the emptiness within all our constructs of language, art and emotion, the absence which compels our belief in them. He serves no more than the most rudimentary function of a fictional narrator, that of structuring the narrative; and he does so with a pointed attention to dates and anniversaries, in case we should overlook the significance of his reduction to this role of simply marking time.

The key to the first "movement" of the novel is A, one of a group of musicians who gather occasionally to dine and play music. Their preferences—for the baroque, for Mozart—are noted, and their individual dislikes. When A falls ill, they cluster round to help him, exchanging notes on his state of mind, passing an encouraging report on his progress or expressing concern at his deterioration. The sense of solidarity which has brought them to his help leads them to explore the causes of his breakdown. They bring their private obsessions to bear on his problem and, while gradually lifting their friend from his crisis of identity, find themselves engulfed by the void he has escaped. In the absence of any linking hands that they can withstand its destructive pressure.

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Macho no more

By Nissa Torrents

LUIS FERNANDEZ:
El anarquista desnudo
228pp. Barcelona: Anagrama.

After nearly forty years of cultural dictatorship the novel, like most other art-forms in Spain, is now free to choose its themes. During Franco's regime Spain was "different", as the tourist slogan claimed, and the gap between private and public culture considerable. But this is no longer the case, and the rebellion of the young against a traditionally restrictive morality and the "excessive" political preoccupations of their elders is beginning to be reflected in literature (as is the increasing cultural influence of the USA).

An ideal example of this rebellion is Luis Fernandez's *El anarquista desnudo*, a novel originally written in Catalan and now excellently translated into Spanish by J. Jordá. Significantly, the title owes nothing to the strong anarchist tradition of Spain and everything to Artaud, the surrealist who, in his *Antologia*, wrote in the epistolary mode of Ljanič, it is an outrageous exploration of the homosexual "demolition" of Valencia which aims neither to justify nor to make palatable a sexual preference which appears as a more-repulsive than it may be.

The novel consists of a series of letters written to an absent fellow gay by a group of Valencian "queens"—and "queens" they very much are, just as the "respectable" homosexual is very much unwell in the book. The letters, written in a complex, weaving, funny, but always on the verge of hysteria, the characters, aware of their transgressions, play increasingly dangerous games which lead, inevitably, into madness and crime. It is a complex, as seen in parallel forms of *El anarquista desnudo*, a reference to a painting which depicts a man in a state of shock, a man who, in spite of all

The human task, then, is the task of silence, the human task, the one which uses its own breath for this purpose. As narrative advances, it comes centre increasingly on the character of Curus, the priest whose sensitivity to language makes him irritable, his friends reacting to his slightest breach of the rules of speech and grammar, to his very being: in protecting him he also comes to feel himself finally the victim of his own sensitivity to the rules. "Monsieur le verbe an plait le verbe... Cette règle, à laquelle j'obéis bien sûr, me semble injuste."

Until, at last, he betrays a re-orientation of this burden, straining him to a necessary, appalling distortion of reality:

"Il dit qu'il concevait la langue comme une frange parasite à corps des hommes. Que sa parole n'était pas une parole, mais un corps, un être, un être plus ou moins impur, mais un être, sans merci, une résistance à percevoir devant l'ennemi. Chaque langue... imposait l'homme sa capacité propre à l'homme et l'assujettissait à lui."

The death of Curus's father comes to producing in him a downward spiral that is similar to the start of the novel. And more friendship and music, and qui sont au fond assez semblables à ceux des plus sociaux, combinent les deux. But there remains in constant need of help held together by that surplus energy which we devote to conversation, play or the writing of such things. And it is surely perverse to reviewer to say of a book which so wittily illustrates its theme that these constructs of language are to nothing beyond themselves, as it seems to stand as a monument to the influence of the late Roland Barthes on the thought of his fellow countrymen.

appearances, pain is never far from Fernandez's homosexuals are both socially and personally alienated and typify a more conventional madness in their inability to distinguish between fantasy and reality.

The novel is circular in structure: the final letter sends the reader back to the first and the characters are constantly changing their images and style of writing in an agonising search for self. As they write they are aware of forming part of a fiction, and their precarious fiction is increased by their conviction that "real" fiction preceded them. But they are only poor reflections of it. They want to be like Turner or Susan Hayward but they can't because they are fiction, which already exist. The novel, which already exists, is a model of choosing such models as these reflect.

The dramatic situation of a group which adopts models already rejected by women themselves. They are also obsessed by children, and fall in love with very young in a hopeless quest for the son they can never have. The impossibility of progression engenders the role of death, which shapes their ultimate fates. Written in the ultimate fashion, these letters are full of horror because Fernandez's homosexuals even when they make love, they do so frequently, they escape heterosexual models, but a heterosexual male, he finds another person, but the homosexual finds only himself, and, like him, he has to continue looking for search whose outcome must be sure. The characters here do not wait to grow up, they are perverses who continue to play the role of children, trying to dominate, trying to be an adult, in a dominated world where there is no place for them.

The language that Fernandez uses reflects the essential isolation of his fictional world, as he constantly questions his own narrative, its vivid mixture of reality and sentences, film and other references makes it into an enigma which protects the characters from the painful results of reality.

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THE TIMES
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SUPPLEMENT

Librarian

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The successful candidate will deputise for the Manager, Library and Information Services and will also be expected to assist in the acquisition policy, budget preparation and the planning and development of the Library services, as well as having special responsibility for classification and cataloguing, literature searching and some supervision.

Candidates must be Chartered Librarians with a minimum of 2 years post qualifying experience, preferably in an industrial or commercial library. The salary scale is £4,988 to £8,525 (salaries are currently under review) plus £218 London Allowance and 55p Lunchtime Voucher per day, contributory pension scheme, 20 days holiday per annum increasing to 25 with service.

Applicants should write or phone the following for consideration, which should be returned no later than 14 days from the appearance of this advertisement.

Mrs D. L. Gylford Engineering Industry
Training Board
41 Clarendon Road
Watford, Herts.
Tel: Watford 44322.



TRAFFORD METROPOLITAN BOROUGH LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT
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Libs. Scale £3,408-£5,130

The post is based at the Library Headquarters, Trafford, and the successful candidate will be responsible for the acquisition, cataloguing, reference and distribution of library material to service the points of contact with the public, the maintenance and promotion of current awareness and text book schemes to other departments in the Borough.

LIBRARIAN IN CHARGE
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A chartered or pre-qualified Librarian is required at the Library Headquarters, Trafford, for the acquisition section of the Young People's Unit. Duties are concerned with the acquisition, cataloguing, reference and distribution of library material to service the points of contact with the public, the maintenance and promotion of current awareness and text book schemes to other departments in the Borough.

For informal discussion about both posts please contact Mr. R. G. Loomis, Assistant Borough Librarian, etc. 403.
Application forms and further information from Trafford Library Service, Birch House, Talbot Road, Old Trafford M16 6GH, Tel: 061-472 6133, ext. 465. Closing date: 8th May.

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REMINDER

COPY FOR ADVERTISEMENTS IN THE T.L.S. SHOULD ARRIVE NOT LATER THAN 10.30 a.m. MONDAY PRECEDING THE DATE OF PUBLICATION

City of Manchester

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ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

DISTRICT CULTURAL SERVICES

£9,080/£10,053 currently under review

Responsible through the Director, Libraries to the Director of Cultural Services in respect of District Cultural Services generally, including performance review, programme planning, development, reorganization, deployment of resources, publicity, relations with the Art Galleries and Performing Arts Groups of the Department, co-ordination of the work of the Area Organisers, the Department's role in the Manchester/Salford Inner Cities Partnership, liaison with community based cultural organisations, and overall supervision of the Central Area (including City-wide mobile and extra-mural services).

Candidates must be qualified librarians, preferably graduates, and will need to demonstrate substantial achievement at a senior level. Conditions of appointment include a 35 hour, 5 day week, 25 days holiday. Reasonable removal expenses may be paid up to a maximum of £1,000. The City Council operates a Union Membership Agreement under which a new employee is required to become a member of a recognised Trade Union.

Further details available from the Principal Assistant: Personnel, Central Library, St. Peter's Square, Manchester M2 5PD. Telephone: 661 228 ext. 281/282. Closing date 12th May, 1980.



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City of Salford

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